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Original Poetry.

LITTLE MARY AND CHARLEY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

"Gone, they whose voices filled the hall,
And cheered the parent hearth!
Alas! for love if *thou* art all
And nought beyond, oh, earth."—*Hemans.*

"How like a whisper on the inconstant mind,
The memory of their voices stirs the mind!"
W. G. Clark.

Ye suffered for a transient while
Beneath the fire of agony—
Then passed ye with one radiant smile
To far Eternity,—
As sweetly as the rosy ray
Fades from the twilight cloud away.

And blest were you to find your rest
Fair infant girl and boy,
While your soft feet had only pressed
Life's first-born flowers of joy;
And innocence was ever gay
Companion of your sportive way.

For had you lingered longer here,
It must have been to feel
The frequent chills of pain and fear
Which o'er our spirits steal,—
To bend in tearful weariness
Above the wrecks of cherished bliss!

We know your little forms of clay
Sleep sweetly in the ground—
That o'er them smiles the vernal day—
And blue-birds sing around;
And soon the balmy June will come,
With flowers to deck their verdant home.

And to a mansion in the sky,
We feel your souls have flown!
Faith whispers that our God on high,
Smiles on His sinless own,
And closer to His bosom bears
His lambs unstained by earthly cares.

Yet must we mourn!—yet feel the pain
Of sorrow's sting severe
To think that you may not again,
In beauty greet us here;
And smooth the shadow'd way on earth,
Of those who happy, hailed your birth.

Your parents! may the God who knows
Their all were deeply dear,
Give comfort to their weeping woes,
And dry each burning tear;
For oh! those hearts are swathed in gloom
Whose hope and joy lie in the tomb.

The early tomb! oh, they are few
Who may not gaze upon
The young, the beautiful, the true,
And bright beneath the sun;
And in them see the image fair,
Of their heart's worship—slumbering *there!*

S. S.

Sea Drifts.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

THE STORM AT SEA.

BY NED.

"Starboard!—hard a starboard!"

"Starboard, sir!"

"Meet her with the helm.—So!—Steady, again!"

Here is no loud shout, or noisy answer. The officer in command now forgets his brief dignity, for as man he feels his nothingness. His voice is clear yet comparatively low—the tone has that peculiarity that every accent is distinctly audible, even amid the howling of the tempest.

Aye! It's an old fashioned Nor-Wester, and though long has been its duration it is but now that we have felt its violence. Below, aloft, and around, all, every object that meets the eye speaks for the weather. With the sea bird alone it seems a time to be joyous, the "sheer water" with trimmed pinion soars aloft facing the fury of the gale, now wending his course hitherward, and now beating to windward 'till seeming weary he poises himself, and with motionless wings is swiftly borne on by the wind. Below, now hid in a sheet of spray, now merging from some cloud capt wave or dancing as 'twere in the trough of the sea are to be seen countless numbers of the "petrel," or Mother Carey's chickens. About decks are lashed the lighter and loftiest spars and yards, which yesterday staunt and across, stood prominent not only in completing the rig, but in spreading the lighter sails, to woo the influence of the favoring breeze, as, canvass covered to the truck, our ship glided in her beauty; the plaything of a summer sea.

Look aloft. The beauty of the outline is lost, in the absence of the slim tapering mast stretching heavenward. The naked crosstree, bare topmast-head, surmounted by the idle cap, tells a tale that though savoring but little of the romance, speaks volumes for the reality of the sailor's life. The "bear a hand" furl of the rent sails lacks the symmetry of the "sugar loaf" bunt, and compact roll up which lent the spars a grace in port. The main course and the fore topsail, with their countless gaskets, thrappings and clue lashings, bear evidence of the arduous task which has been the lot of the sailor, to secure them even as they now are.

This is no time for idlers, but the small group collected abaft comprises all on board; each having a good hold, or being secured by a rope's end, for their situation is one rife with danger. The next sea may sweep the deck. We are scudding under the close reefed main topsail and whole foresail, the latter being dragged rather than carried. So sudden and unprecedented was the violence of the gale no time had there been to take it in. We wait for a lull, 'twould be madness now to slack a tack or sheet.

"For'ad for your lives men! Hurrah! for God's sake! Haul it up or cut it away!" The strap of the bull's eye on the bumpkin has given way. Slat follows slat, and now, in rapid succession, rope, wood, and iron work apart. With a noise like thunder the unconfined sail now distends, now slats with such force that it is felt not only by the quivering spars, but in every portion of the vessel's frame. With a strength felt and exercised alone in such a time, the crew endeavor to master the sail. It is no avail, the strong gear of yesterday now seems packthread, clue garnets, bunt lines, leech lines, snap one after the other. To save the yard is now the object, and two men, with the ready knife, run aloft, reach the yard-arms and sever the head earings. One slat more, away goes the sail tearing the jack-stay from the yard.

Now from all is heard the simultaneous cry, Look-out! Those aloft cling firmer to the spar, some jump into the rigging, others grasp the nearest object, for dear life. The sea strikes—the shock shakes her to the centre—from midships forward she is buried. All seems lost. Oh what a hurricane of emotion pervades one in such a moment—indefinite—and yet how vivid. Indefinite? No! no. Home—the scenes of childhood and maturer days, affections, friends, all that we hold dear—every tie that renders life desirable, or recollection sweet, in that one moment, flits through the mind. Short is its transit, yet of such painful intensity, that the over excited mind becomes chaos.

* * * * *

It is over. All hands again are mustered, and sadness and gloom are depicted in the weather-beaten countenances of which that group is comprised. Reader, that group is lessened—thinned by the hand of death. Two good men and true, have found a watery grave,—the death of the sailor. The mountain wave, whose shock we have attempted to describe, swept them away.

Thank God we were spared the sight of the drowning men's agony. So swift was the mad career of our storm driven barque, that when enabled to look around us, the wreck of our boat, deck fixtures, and bulwarks, were lost to recognition in the distance astern. The sea struck abaft the beam, tearing up the main channels with its force, then tumbling inboard rolled over the bow, like the avalanche leaving desolation in its path.

There is now no time for congratulatory remarks between the survivors, or to drop a tear to the memory of those who were. The finer feelings of humanity and even the one of dread are out of the question—the tottering mast needs to be secured. The hardy sailor who the moment previous felt the loss of his shipmate, now forgets self as he places his own existence in jeopardy for the better preservation of all. Mechanically, he reasons, "we are but doing our duty."

The united efforts of all, save the master at the cun, and the helmsman under him, soon succeed in temporarily securing the weakened spar. A spare lower yard is got over the side, secured abaft to the mooring shackle in the quarter, forward to the fore sheet eye bolt, and in the wake of the main chains to the plates; then triced in and thrapp'd to, to the timber heads and stauncheons fore and aft. To strengthen and prevent its springing up, a small spar is cut in lengths, the lower ends of which are allowed to rest on the spare yard, while above they are lashed to the stauncheons. Mast head purchases were got aloft, secured below to the spare yard "boused taut" and made fast. The lower dead eyes were now lashed to the spar, and the lanyard of each shroud set as taunt as circumstances would allow.

Fresher and fresher yet it blew. Early in the day the waves had run high—now from the increased and continued violence of the gale they mocked description,—our barque seemed to fly as trembling in every joint, as she was driven before wind and sea. Now carried aloft on the summit of a wave, with a watery abyss immediately before her, it seemed impossible for her to live; and while bowing her head as the sea passed from under her, it appeared as though the next would bury her, as towering in height it rolled up in solemn grandeur astern.

The precautions had been taken, the relieving tackles were hooked and overhauled, to be held in readiness should the wheel rope part, or the spindle break down; and lashed abaft were the cook and steward, stationed there to man these tackle falls. One alone had the wheel or steered the ship, and for hours he had not left the post, the most responsible one in the ship. There was not a man else in the ship's company who felt adequate for the task he was performing—requiring not only a thorough understanding of the business, but a quick eye and ready arm, together with an untiring watchfulness. A moment's inattention to the guiding of the ship, would be followed by the shipping of a sea which might give rise to a more disastrous calamity than the one already depicted upon a similar visitation.

Our situation was far from enviable, the fore topsail before being handed was badly rent, leaving us no storm sail save the main topsail, which could be used to advantage in scudding. Lying to we might feel safer, but the danger attendant upon bringing a vessel by the wind in such a sea-way forbade the attempt. All eyes were turned to windward and eagerly again and again was the wave changing outline of the horizon scanned, in anxious expectation, then to trace something on which to build hopes for the future.

All eyes were frequently and anxiously turned to the main topsail; all knew and felt that when that split, their danger would be increased. Strapped around the waist of the officers were to be seen the ship's axes, and frequently the sailors might be detected grasping the handles of their knives to assure themselves of their safety, not knowing how soon they might be called in requisition to clear a wreck.

The long dreaded moment arrives—the sail gives way at the weather clue. Not a moment is to be lost. From its reduced size, and through nautical skill and by ready hands, it soon hangs flapping in the bunt lines with the clues housed up.

"Hold on! On deck all of you!" roared the skipper seeing the men already in the rigging. "Fore topmast stay sail! some of us—main spencer sheet the rest. Hurrah, once, men! Cheerily, now! God knows what it will end in,—our rudder head's split!" Quick as thought, the stay-sail was hoisted, spencer hauled out, sheets trimmed, and yards canted for'ad by the braces.

"Lay aft all and stand by to man the star-board mizen rigging! Now then away with you and we'll let her come!" As the wheel was rolled a lee, obedient to the impulse, her head was turned. She's now broadside to, rolling in the trough of the sea, the waves making a clean breech over her. A kedge anchor is now lashed to the wheel grating, a hawser bent to the ring of the anchor. It is then let go from the weather bow, and veered away on until the hawser is near expended, belayed to the windlass end, being led through the bow chalk, and now our barque, her head to the wind is for the moment safe.

Grateful for their providential preservation, all hands with a more cheerful aspect, busy themselves in repairing damages. The main topsail is secured, yet in such a manner, as to afford an opportunity for the mending of the sail; and while part of the crew are so busied, the balance are employed in fishing the rudder head.

The rudder head is circular, with a morticed aperture, in which the tiller is stepped or shipped, and steadied by two iron braces. On the for'rad end of the tiller are two stauncheons, which receive the spindle of the wheel, and between which the wheel revolves.

On the tiller under the wheel are two blocks, two and a half turns of each wheel rope is taken round the barrel of the wheel, then rove down through the blocks on the tiller, carried out to the side, again rove through blocks and the ends brought back and made fast to the tiller head. I should have stated above that the one end of each wheel rope is secured to the barrel of the wheel. As the wheel revolves right or left, so is the tiller moved, which acts as a lever to turn the position of the rudder. Consequently the most strain comes upon the weakest part of the rudder head, the place where the tiller ships. Now allow me to describe in nautical parlance what is termed a "fish," and the method of doing it.

Fortunately pipe staves comprise a part of our cargo, and soon a requisite number are produced for the purpose. They are placed around the rudder head much after the method the surgeon places his splinters about a broken limb. Then in the absence of ratlin, the "deep sea line," a cord the size of one's finger, is passed round and round each turn hove "taut;" and each turn lying close to the preceding. Commencing below, this woolding and sewing is carried to the upper end of the rudder head and there made fast.

Two stout hickory handspikes were then lashed firm to the tiller for'rad of the rudder head, while the other ends being allowed to protrude abaft, are secured by another lashing, which operation you will perceive not only strengthened the whole, but would prevent a farther split.

Hardly was the job finished I have endeavored to describe, when, while flattering ourselves upon our comparative safety, our ill-fated barque fell broad off and our situation became one again of imminent danger. From oversight or neglect, the hawser had been allowed to chafe off, and now without the drag to keep her head to wind she lay at the mercy of the sea, rolling yard arms to with the whole of her side exposed. Neither did she lay long in this situation ere our worst fears were realized. Loud were the shouts of caution as before, and now night was upon us, seeming to lend dismay to a scene, which at noon-day bid defiance to the power of painter to portray or man to represent. As a heavy sea struck her—one loud cry of despair was heard above the strife of the elements, causing stout hearts to quake and sending a thrill of horror through all. To the superstitious mariner it seemed the "cry" of something supernatural.

'T was from the cook. Poor fellow, when last seen he was clinging to the booby hatch for protection from the impending danger. The hatch had been torn from its fastenings and swept away to leeward by the violence of the sea. The main spencer too bore evidence of its fury. The sail which had withstood the force of the gale was rent to ribbands from the weight of the concussion of so vast a body of water.

Again to put her before the wind and run her was the only chance. The helm was hove a-weather, her head cants—now again her foamy track astern, lit up as it were by a thousand fairy lights, tells of her speed. Her wake seemed a fiery track, and the comb of every sea, in the pitchy darkness of that night, wore the appearance of a refulgent blaze.

But hark! That crash!—'T is the fore-top-mast!—a weather roll, and it comes thundering down to windward with its accompanying yard and hamper! "Hard up! before she broaches!"—too late—her head has swung already and so again, she flies. "Hang on, men! Hard down your helm!—this sea will knock her off!" How that sea, bearing with it the wreck of our spars, passed without damage to us no one knows. The loss of our fore-top-mast has turned to our advantage. She freed herself from the wreck, and now lies small, without hardly a swing off, without a rag of canvass, duffing to leeward, leaving her wake before the beam—a position, which, had we gained in the first instance, would have saved us our spars—much anxiety and dread.

"Sound the pumps! How! Three feet! impossible!" The rod wiped dry, is again lowered; 'twas five.

Worn down by unwonted exertions, exhausted alike mentally and bodily, the blank faces of the men, rendered visible by the pale light of the globe lantern, wore the aspect of apathy and despair.

"Take hold *cheerly*, my lads. It is no leak! Most of this went down the hatch when we shipped that sea. This won't last *forever*. Rig the pumps and give her one tug." Mechanically both pumps were rigged, and the sullen clang of the breaks was far from soothing to any one.

No distinguishing grade was there now between officers and crew. All alike took their spell, and now the master volunteered. "Stand off one side, if you please, sir. Excuse me, but it ain't so bad as that yet, I hope. We're all younger than you are, and if you are Captain, you are an *old sailor* arter all." Thus spoke the whole crew with one voice, all applauded, and all now vied with each other in doing their best, and the dock-yard stroke gave place to one with a will.

The Captain who, upon the remonstrance of the men against his taking hold of the pump break, had withdrawn, now emerged from the companion way with a kettle of coffee, he had retired to make by the cabin stove. "Here you thundering old growlers," he exclaimed in his rough way, though his countenance bore the broad stamp of good nature. "As I am too old to pump, I 'spose you have nothing to say against my turning cook. Come, take hold here, don't stand for compliments; share this among you, while I make more."

Again the pump was sounded, we had gained on her—the worst was past. The cheering intelligence lent us new vigor, the weather altered, and the long lulls now frequent told that the fury of gale was over. As she required more sail the close-reefed main topsail was sheeted home, and she now lay apparently at ease, yielding gracefully to the motion of the sea head to it, like a wearied sea-bird.

By accident our leak was found, our larboard water way seam had strained, and was open fore and aft. A ring bolt which had not been properly forelocked had drawn also, leaving a hole through the deck in which you could insert three fingers. As wind and sea abated we wore ship, bringing our lame side uppermost and less exposed. Through this and plugging the hole, the breaks in a short time gave evidence of the absence of water, or speaking nautically, the pumps sucked.

Now we had time to feel tired, and a watch below was given, or permission rather to lie down on the cabin deck. The quiet slumber of those outstretched men, with a plank for a bed, and an arm for a pillow, served to show that all fear was banished, and the faith they formerly felt in their barque was restored.

The next day our dismantled barque was again wending her way before it, nor was it a cap full of wind either; but as much as we wanted to carry a double-reefed main topsail too. Heaven again smiled on us, and so continued the favorable gale till we made a harbor in the English channel.

From the Magazines

THE FATE OF A RAIN-DROP.

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

Its home was the breast of a beautiful cloud,
That brilliantly curtained the sky,
And caught from the sun the rich color that glowed,
In the light of his glorious eye.

The rain-drop was gazing on all that was spread
Beneath, like a magical scene;
Till it pined to repose on a canopied bed,
Of lovely and delicate green.

A zephyr came roving in idleness by,
And down on its gossamer wing,
The tremulous rain-drop sprang, eager to try
A flight on so viewless a thing.

The zephyr careered through the mid-summer air,
And just at the eventide close,
Laid gently the delicate burden it bare,
In the innermost cell of a rose.

The wanderer gazed in a transport of bliss,
At the crimson-wrought tapestries hung
So gorgeously round it;—and fragrance like this
O'er its bosom had never been flung.

'T was the joy of a moment. A beautiful girl
While straying through garden and bower,
Paused lightly to show her companion the pearl,
That lay on the breast of the flower.

"'Tis a chalice containing an exquisite draught,
Which Emily only shall sip."
He said as he gathered the rose-bud—she quaffed,
And the pearl was dissolved on her lip!

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

FRANCES AND FANNY.

In Five Chapters.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER IV.

The evening after I had this conversation with Woodley, I saw Fanny. My cousin Sophia accompanied me there, and we staid two hours. There were two candles this time; so I had light enough to judge of the young lady's beauty, and of her resemblance to her matchless cousin. For my life, I could not fix my eyes on her face; I had the feeling that it made her uneasy. Even when she was conversing with Sophia, there was a restraint, a timidity which distressed me, but which I could not pain by persisting in gazing at her. Sophia told me afterwards, that she was sure I came to draw comparisons between her and her cousin, and this caused her embarrassment. This timidity, however, was peculiarly agreeable to me, and she gained by the contrast with Miss Fielding. Then her voice was so sweet, gentle, and musical, that summing up all her excellencies, I began to think whether this feminine loveliness was not better suited, than the elegance and decision of Miss Fielding, to my nice taste.

She made many efforts at first to enter into conversation with me, but it was evidently embarrassing; and, as is usual in such cases, I became almost as much embarrassed myself. With Sophia, however, she was more at ease; and spoke modestly yet sensibly on the common topics of the day. It was with great pleasure I perceived, that before the visit was over, she seemed more at her ease. Sophia had formerly spoken of her fine ballad voice, and I was anxious to hear her sing; but Fanny begged to be excused this evening, and looked so beseechingly at my cousin, that I entreated her not to press the subject further—I found I was too new an acquaintance.

I must own that I was charmed, and could not avoid asking myself whether a character like her's, so artless, confiding, gentle and affectionate; whether such a dove-like disposition, and such excellent domestic habits, were not more estimable and enduring, than if of a higher and more aristocratic cast. What, thought I, were the gifts of fortune, and the polish of foreign travel, compared with it, particularly when domestic happiness was the question? When I first became acquainted with Miss Fielding, I was anxious to ascertain whether she could speak French, Italian and German, and whether she understood music. I did not, of course, inquire of herself, but of her friends.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Saturday Morning, December 17.

OUR WEEKLY CHAT.

Congress is in session, and from the record of the brief time which has elapsed since its meet, and empanelled, we should appear to be a disposition among the members this session to improve of their time. The ice in the pens for a fortnight, the Annual Message, and the consequent celebration of its festivities at the beginning of a week, will probably into the week ensuing before anything like the business will be entered upon business will undoubtedly be resumed at an earlier day than has been usual, after Christmas. In another place, or rather in several places, in this day's paper will be found notice of political doings and intelligence, which require further notice here unnecessary. There is however one topic to which allusion may be well to tend, from all quarters. The President in his message alludes to the necessity of adjusting Oregon Territory difficulty, the War Secretary in his report urges the claim of posts to defend and define our boundary in that direction; the Secretary of the Navy speaks of the importance of an increased squadron in the Pacific on account of the recent "open question," and overseas report arrangements all this, by reasons to Mexico, and other Powers. From hence, it would appear that the subject will now claim attention no less than the late Maine dispute did. We have in the Pacific, as the key with reaches the public eye, there will most probably be found therein remaining relative to the treaties, boundaries. It is to have them adjusted, by all means.

We are pained to add, in our news columns, confirmation of the statements by rumors and by steamboat. The sailor's life is one of peril wholly, unappreciable by landsmen. Relative to this exposure, will be found upon our page a set sketch, by a master, or correspondent, giving a description of a storm at sea. To the mentioned reader we know this will be highly interesting, and to those who are "used" readily. There's scarcely in any one who has seen a ship. The "channels" which the sea describes, are projections from the side of the ship, to which the rigging which secures the mast is fastened. The "spare yard," which is "get over" the side, is a large timber, which is put in place of the low "channels," to support the mast. "Lying to" is such a disposition of a vessel that the action of the wind upon the sails, and of the helm upon the rudder, counteract each other. "Scudding" is when the helmsman forgets his station, and the vessel is thrown broadside to the wind, a position we will readily be seen, of immense danger when it occurs by sudden accident. But we will not further attempt to explain, but leave the sketch to the keen perceptions of our readers.

Frances and Penny, concluded this week, will entertain delight all our lady readers. For next week we are to have from Sinclair Lewis a Christmas story and other matter pertinent to the holidays from other sources.

In this day's paper are abstracts of two of the annual reports of the departments. In our next the other two will be issued, want of space forbidding it this week.

MR. BIDDLE'S LAST LETTER.

[Their insertion a matter of justice, was promised by the President's Message last week, treats of the Rated Notes, the Domestic Creditors, and the Administration of Stephen Girard. Of the Rated Notes in 1841, 600,000 have been issued. He says that through the late sessions the amount consisting of one-fourth of the whole issue, and that the remainder of the money has been issued by banks which do not pay specie, that this apportionment had been created. Relief notes, in the Treasury, have been rendered the object of the Appropriation Acts, which direct the payment "out of money not otherwise appropriated." The taxes and bills while these taxes continue to be received are paid in them exclusively. "As long," says Mr. Biddle, "as this state remains on the top of the circulation, and the Treasury is paid in it, it must be paid to a better one of necessity to banish and flood from other states."]

Under the head of "domestic creditors," Mr. Biddle, after repeating the charge that the Legislature took money pledged to pay interest to pay domestic creditors, and that Girard opposed, in 1845, any further preference to new creditors "ought to be entitled immediately, either by postponing the further payment of the domestic creditors, or by paying them the interest on the whole amount of their claims. Girard never had a portion of what did not belong to him, or by paying him in stock, so as to place him on the same footing with other creditors; or what he considering all the creditors, those in New York and Virginia as well as in Pennsylvania, to a proportional share of what the State can pay. If for instance the State can pay all the domestic funds in the Treasury were divided among all the creditors equally, however small the dividend, it would by so much diminish the temptation to borrow to meet such and added to the funded debt, and it will moreover be no evidence to the creditors in the other States, as well as to those in Europe, that Pennsylvania is disposed to do justice to all her creditors.

Of the Public Works, Mr. Biddle says that he has thought it his duty to suggest the propriety of selling them to get rid of the embarrassment of the debt, of the annual interest on which, it is said, they are not productive, and his belief is that they would be glad to sell for reasonable terms. But he adds that any sale must be made at once or not at all practicable. He refers to the subject that it is a great misfortune to the State that the public works were ever undertaken, and that they have proved a source of loss instead of profit. The surveys for the defence of Sullie's fort, and of Delaware Breakwater harbor are completed, and the latter will be commenced in the spring. The defences of Philadelphia, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, are in execution, as well as the military posts and arsenals of the United States, and of Maryland, south of the city. An expedition sent out through the coast of the defence of New Orleans, embracing a large extent of territory, has been completed, and the report of the officers charged with the survey is expected in a few days. The appropriation of $100,000, made at the last session for the defence of the Mississippi, is now drawn it and to be expended in the completion of the works on the mouth of the Mississippi, and the estimate of the expense was laid before the Military Committee at the last session.

The condition and utility of the West Point School are warmly recommended. The reports of the several branches of the department are full and the state of things is favorable; and the suggestions which Mr. Spencer has been on them, would, if carried out in all their details, occupy the whole attention of Congress for the session.

DEATH OF WOODWORTH.

Samuel Woodworth, the well known Poet, editor as an author, and beloved as a man, died at his house in New York, on Friday last, aged 59 years. For many years he had been a sufferer from paralytic affections, but he continued, to the last, with his characteristic cheerfulness, his liberality of spirits, and activity of his mind.

Mr. Woodworth was born in Scituate, near Plymouth, Mass., and commenced life in New York, a practical printer. During the last contest with Great Britain, he wrote many patriotic odes, and published a paper called "The Weh," of which, if we remember, Mr. Paulding was a correspondent. "The Hunters of Kentucky," from his pen, is so familiar to every one that it is unnecessary to allude to it. The patriotic songs appear to have been less remembered.

But the song by which Mr. Woodworth is best known is "The Old Oaken Bucket," the favorite verse, we think, written by him in the same strain; among which were "The Family Bible," and "The Hills and Valleys around;" yet in the last message of Mr. Tyler, we find a sentence or two which may be supposed to refer to this negotiation. Mr. Tyler says: "Information which I received from Sweden, both to a just celebration of the awards, *and a reasonable provision for other claims*, has been recently received from Mr. Thompson." The claims to which Mr. Tyler alludes is supposed to refer to the asserted resolutions of Mexico to cede California to the United States. We will not, however, indulge in any further speculations, but will wait with no small impatience to hear of its disposal, or of its correctness. Meanwhile, it is to be considered that discussion of this subject will not increase American alone. It has been said, and probably with some foundation, for such stories seldom originate entirely, that Mexico is to cede California, and has even named the sum. Many of the Western newspapers evidently that Mexico will cede, and we should be surprised if the Oregon, and things thereto pertaining, do not enter largely into the congressional debates this session.

In some quarters we find an apprehension exists that Great Britain intends to dispute our claim to the whole Pacific coast. The late Treaty with Russia, between Great Britain and Mexico, alluded to above, would seem to be believed in the Pacific, as it is said by a merchant in the State of Ohio, who is to the editor of the Globe from an officer of the U. S. ship Dale, belonging to the Pacific Squadron, dated "Bay of Panama, Sept. 23, 1845," contains the following paragraph:

"We sailed from Callao, 7th instant, in company with the Columbus, Commodore Jones's flagship, a 74 ship, and sloop-of-war Cyane; but we separated from them, and were up for this port on the seventh day out. Just previously to our departure, two British frigates, (the name I forget) and sloop-of-war Champion, sailed down on arrival service? Of course, the mysterious movement of Admiral Thomas created a thousand conjectures as to the destination of the most probable of which seemed to be, that he was bound for the south seas to look after Oregon. It is surmised, a *British station* is to be located, in order to protect her interests in connection with the American and English Governments! And it is among the new offs in the squadron, that the frigate, the Cyane, and the Dale, are to rendezvous as soon as practicable at Monterey, to keep an eye upon John Bull's movements in that quarter."

"OUR FRIEND."

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THE POST OFFICE REPORT.

From the Postmaster General's annual document we get the following facts:—The number of Post Offices in the United States, and the Territorial Agents; and the transportation during the year, were a distance of 24,232,281 miles. The whole amount of transportation during the year ending June 30th, 1841, was 24,999,233 miles, at a cost of $3,113,373. The whole amount of transportation of the mail between June 30th, 1844, was 24,555,291 miles, at a contract cost of $3,077,792.

The amount of expenditures of the Department for the year ending June, 1845, as far as they have been audited and paid, are $3,627,712 62—leaving the sum of $1,000,000 to be expended during the same year, $627,870.38. The amount of expenditure for the service of this Department for the current Fiscal year, as far as they can be ascertained by copy of estimates, is nearly $4,300,000.

The amount of revenue for the year ending June 30th, 1845, was $4,407,808 91, making the whole estimated expense of $4,519,000.

The cost of mail transportation in the United States in 1838 was $1,685,000. The cost of mail in the United States is 148,732 miles, costing $2,967,796. Of this length of mail road, only 3091 miles are in steamboat service, at a cost of $435,-568. Only one forty-eighth part of the whole number of miles costing one-seventh part of the gross sum.

DEATH OF WOODWORTH.

Samuel Woodworth, the well known Poet, editor as an author, and beloved as a man, died at his house in New York, on Friday last, aged 59 years. For many years he had been a sufferer from paralytic affections, but he continued, to the last, with his characteristic cheerfulness, his liberality of spirits, and activity of his mind.

Mr. Woodworth was born in Scituate, near Plymouth, Mass., and commenced life in New York, a practical printer. During the last contest with Great Britain, he wrote many patriotic odes, and published a paper called "The Weh," of which, if we remember, Mr. Paulding was a correspondent. "The Hunters of Kentucky," from his pen, is so familiar to every one that it is unnecessary to allude to it. The patriotic songs appear to have been less remembered.

But the song by which Mr. Woodworth is best known is "The Old Oaken Bucket," the favorite verse, we think, written by him in the same strain; among which were "The Family Bible," and "The Hills and Valleys around;" yet in the last message of Mr. Tyler, we find a sentence or two which may be supposed to refer to this negotiation. Mr. Tyler says: "Information which I received from Sweden, both to a just celebration of the awards, *and a reasonable provision for other claims*, has been recently received from Mr. Thompson." The claims to which Mr. Tyler alludes is supposed to refer to the asserted resolutions of Mexico to cede California to the United States. We will not, however, indulge in any further speculations, but will wait with no small impatience to hear of its disposal, or of its correctness. Meanwhile, it is to be considered that discussion of this subject will not increase American alone. It has been said, and probably with some foundation, for such stories seldom originate entirely, that Mexico is to cede California, and has even named the sum. Many of the Western newspapers evidently that Mexico will cede, and we should be surprised if the Oregon, and things thereto pertaining, do not enter largely into the congressional debates this session.

In some quarters we find an apprehension exists that Great Britain intends to dispute our claim to the whole Pacific coast. The late Treaty with Russia, between Great Britain and Mexico, alluded to above, would seem to be believed in the Pacific, as it is said by a merchant in the State of Ohio, who is to the editor of the Globe from an officer of the U. S. ship Dale, belonging to the Pacific Squadron, dated "Bay of Panama, Sept. 23, 1845," contains the following paragraph:

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GOV. CASS AND THE PRESIDENCY.

This gentleman still continues to receive from Europe, but in this country, independent of all partisan or political considerations. In Boston and in New York he has been visited with the highest honors that society could pay to their chief support for his talents and worth. The name of Mr. Cass, therefore, has been fairly presented to the people of the United States. Mr. Calhoun has subjected to him a letter, which gives an opportunity to "define his position." Mr. Cass has declined to do so. He considers that the success in which his name is mentioned by some of the Whig papers, is such as to excite surprise and regret. He says that he has been before the people of the country for thirty years, and that his views are a National Bank are identical with those of the Whigs. Mr. Cass says explanation he shall be satisfactory to the political friends of Mr. Clay.

In reply, Mr. C. says that he finds no difficulty in giving a prompt and unequivocal answer. He says that he is a friend of the Democratic party, and has been so from his youth—that he was first called into public life by Mr. Monroe, thirty-five years ago, a firm believer in the principles laid down by him, and has never swerved an inch. He thinks the findings and expenditures of the country have declined against a National Bank, and that no such institution should be chartered. He adds to the result of his foreign and domestic observation, that the public faith and credit is highly useful in the business economics of a country, a sound specie basis is essential to its permanent prosperity.

Such is the declaration of the position of Mr. Cass. Politicians may find still an open question or two in it; but we leave to them the argument.

THAT TREATY.

The New York Commercial Advertiser, which always has a full share of information on foreign contingencies in the future, recently put forth some startling gossip about the probable discomfiture of the Administration Treaty with Texas, in the British Parliament. The Commercial states, from "authentic private sources," that the articles written against the treaty in the London Morning Chronicle were from the pen of Lord Palmerston, the late Whig Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Of course, when Palmerston writes against a treaty, he is conscious his attacks against the treaty, the minister extraordinary, and the Tory administration, upon the floor of the House.

About that time, (the injunction of secrecy having been removed) the speeches of the American Secretary of State, and of Mr. Pakenham, were found their way into the newspapers, Lord Palmerston will make one of his most able speeches, and sit down amid the cheers of the Whig Party. Sir Robert Peel, cautious Sir Robert, rises, and says that "he shall answer the speech of the noble Lord, by reading the speech of an equally distinguished man, the Senator of the United States." He then plays Mr. Benton's speech on this side, against Lord Palmerston's on his left treaty, from the hands of an unknown person. The civil authorities were in pursuit of the murderer.

GOVERNOR MARSHALL WITH GREAT LODE OF LOVE.

—On the 24th of October, Maldora was elected by a terrible hurricane and a perfect deluge of rain, which destroyed property to the amount of $1,000,000. Mr. Marshall, the Governor of Kentucky, was in the town of Pinchal, the river overflowed its banks, and breaking through the principal streets, carried away houses, wine stores, and mills. Mr. Marshall, One later estimates the loss of life at 50. The village of Magdalena at the south west of the Island was entirely washed away, having but the church and the house of a rich landed proprietor. The roads and bridges are all more or less ruined, and the loss is estimated at a million and a half of dollars.

LOSS OF THE TEXAS SCHOONER OF WAR SAN ANTONIO.—There is now very little doubt but that this vessel was lost in the furious gale that swept the gulf from the 6th to the 7th of September last. She had on board fifty-seven persons—officers and crew all told. Wm. Seagrue, Lieut. commanding, of Miss; Alexander A. Wilson, N. Y.; Robert Boyd, Ky.; Lieut. Herbert, Md. do. Alexander, D. C.; Wm. F. Murry, master, Norfolk, Va.; P. H. Earle, surgeon, Ga; Wm. C. Bradnax, purser, New Orleans; T. E. Odell, N. Y.; midshipmen; Wm. H. Allen, N. Y. do; James S. Tabey, Ky., do; Col. T. N. Wood, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., as a volunteer.

MEMBERS OF MISSISSIPPIAN J. S. FISHERMAN.—

Commodore Morgan, Commander-in-chief of the United States Naval forces in the Mediterranean, has addressed a letter to the Whig Committee of the Navy, announcing the melancholy fact that Passed Midshipman John Smith Patterson, of the United States Navy, Acting Master of the Signal Congress, was accidentally drowned on the 28th October, in the town of Malton, by receiving three stabs of a knife in his left breast, from the hands of an unknown person. The civil authorities were in pursuit of the murderer.

LAMENTATION.—The Mrs. Hamblin, alias Mrs. Ewing, who killed her husband some time since in the Mobile Theatre, has been acquitted. He was drunken and miserable. The acquittal, which certainly created a point, appears to have been made on the ground that he might have died of oregon pectoris, if he had not died; and also on record which he received would have necessarily caused death.

TERRIBLE.—It is ascertained by computation, says the N. Y. Tribune, that the number of lives lost since November 10th, by the wrecking and burning of vessels, and the swamping of boats, is five hundred and seventy-eight, and of this number, one hundred and thirty-four were drowned by the capsizing of boats, and two hundred and forty-four perished by fire.

MEAN RETURNERS.—Stephen Chase, the mate of the schooner Napoleon, of Portland, was recently taken off the wreck of the vessel, at sea, the only survivor of the crew, who was brick picked up by the English ship Bellona, went on shore at Quebec, on the 8th inst., and one of the men perished.

VERDICT.—Mr. Cooper has recovered $200 of Horace Greeley, Esq., editor of the New York Tribune for a libel. The costs also are thrown upon the defendant. The libel was published in a report of a former libel case brought by Mr. Cooper.

SAD CASUALTY.—Mr. Wilson, a lad, lying in a very precarious state. His medical attendants entertain but slight hopes of his recovery. His melody is a disease of the brain. His son has been forbidden to sign any official documents.

NEW YORK BANKS.—The banking capital of New York, estimated at the selling prices, is said to have been, on the 1st of January last, about forty millions of dollars. One third of this difference has been sunk in bad debts.

THE survey of a route for a Canal across the Isthmus connecting New Brunswick with Nova Scotia, has been completed by Capt. Crawley, R. E. The estimated expense of the work is from $70,000 to $90,000.

IT is stated in the Pekin (officia) Gazette, that some merchants of Chenkeang have made a donation to the Emperor, of three millions of dollars for the defence of the country. This is patriotism in reality.

THE Committee of the Prussian Estates have declared that they consider it advisable that a great system of iron railways should be undertaken by the State as soon as possible.

THE Galena Gazette states that the product of the Lead Mines alone has this year been worth about one million of dollars, and this at the low price which the article has borne.

A Mr. John Perkins was fined $5, by the Police Court at Boston, a day or two since, for trying his wife to a tedgast, to present her from "going out shopping."

Joel Hotchkiss, of Guilford, Conn., was recently fined $100 and imprisoned six months for whipping his wife. The fine should be given to her.

THE House of Representatives of New Hampshire have declared by a vote of 111 to 106, in favor of the total abolition of capital punishment.

PRESIDENT TYLER has been confined to his apartment by serious illness, but is, we are pleased to learn, recovering.

Good beef was recently sold at Cincinnati, by the quarter, at three quarters of a cent per pound.

Local Intelligence.

OUR FRIENDS gave new evidence of their efficiency on Monday. A fire broke out in the extensive Chair Manufactory of Messrs. Burkhardt & Mann, No. 61 North Front street, above Callowhill Arch, east side. It originated in the accidental upsetting of a stove in the work-room, upon some inflammable substance which it ignited. The flames spread with great rapidity among the dry materials used, and finally set fire to a lot of paints, varnishes and spirits of turpentine, the strength of which the entire stock nearly resisted all the efforts of the firemen, who worked with tremendous energy to prevent the extensive Drug and Paint Establishment adjoining, from taking fire also. After some hours continued labor, they succeeded in extinguishing the flames. The loss is considerable, and there was no insurance.

SUPREME COURT.—The Court is busy here fixed the second week of the term, commencing on the third Monday of this month, for the argument of the county cases; those from the eastern portion of the State, will be taken up first; and the Bucks county district, will be taken up first; and the Bucks county, Montgomery, and Chester county cases will be taken up immediately afterward. The second Monday in January is fixed for the argument of the cases from Schuylkill and Lancaster county.

THE SCHUYLKILL.—It is currently rumored, though no official notice has yet appeared of the fact, that Wilson Lee, Esq., Deputy Attorney, has been appointed Sheriff, until the next election to fill a place of the late Henry Martin. Since the above was in type, we learn that Mr. Foster has resigned from the Legislature with his consolidation, and is preparing to enter on the duties of his office.

YOUNG ELOPERS.—A large number of valuable articles were lately looked for at this port. Among them the Gazette enumerates the St. Lawrence and Robert Fulton, from the East Indies; Thomas P. Cope and Swanson, from Liverpool; British ship Wellington, from Wales; brig Hesperia, from Gibraltar.

THE McCord Case which has excited so much attention was disposed of on Wednesday. Northern H. McEwan was sentenced to two years imprisonment, and Chalsley G. Sims to six months imprisonment—both in the County Prison to ordinary labor.

Political Intelligence.

IT is stated that it is in agitation in Bristol County, to appoint Mr. Calhoun a Whig candidate for nomination as Senator. There are still more rumors relative to Mr. Calhoun. One is that the Legislature of Alabama who about to nominate him for the Presidency; another that he will proceed to England on a mission, and upon the last accounts of Governor Duff Green, relative to the settlement of Treaty between the United States, England and France.

Mr. Simonton, member of Congress from the Dauphin district in this State, has been compelled to leave this city for home on account of indisposition. Mr. Simonton, (Genl.) Lane and Mr. Wilmot, Senators, are severely injured by the over-turning of the stage, in Ohio, have received Washington. Mr. Hunter, member, of Georgia, is dangerously ill at his residence.

Many of the members of Congress at Washington, are now boarding at the low rate of $3 per week. They will be able to save money on this plan, of the dispositions of the political metropolis will let them.

Mr. Benton has published a letter in the Globe, in which he declares himself in favor of Martin Van Buren as a candidate for the next Presidency, and declines the consideration of himself which has been made.

Hon. Walter T. Colquitt has been elected U. S. Senator from Georgia, to succeed Mr. Cuthbert, whose term expires on the fourth of March next.

Hon. L. F. Linn has been re-elected Senator from Missouri. Mr. Linn is the indefatigable and able champion of the Oregon question.

Mr. Sevier, of Arkansas, has been re-elected Senator from that State. He received a vote almost unanimous.

Mr. McDuffie has been unanimously elected U. S. Senator from South Carolina, vice Mr. Preston resigned.

Religious Intelligence.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—It appears from a table in the Southern Churchman, compiled from authentic documents, that the whole number of Episcopal clergymen in the United States in the year 1844, was 1848, the number had more than doubled, being 1148. The number of Bishops has increased from 13 to 20 in the same time.

METHODISTS IN TENNESSEE.—The members attached to the Tennessee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, number 36,566 whites and 4532 colored members; there are also 1118 Indians, served certain discrepancies in Bramble's testimony now and before the Mayor. A vast amount of evidence was adduced on each side, and the prisoner's deposition and his general good character.

The speech of the deputy prosecuting attorney, Mr. Ashmead, Esq., was a fine effort, and appeared had been proved, and that the prisoner murdered Longue for the sake of plunder.

W. B. Reed, Esq., for the defence, said the crime was either murder in the first degree or nothing, and contended that the rapid journey of the prisoner from Hainsville, in Jersey, after the murder, indicated extreme excitement, were sufficient symptoms of insanity. His speech was logical, clear, and listened to with interest.

Gov. Pope, of Ky., followed in a very powerful speech, urging the various points of the defence with great force and eloquence, and with much pathos. In allusion to the possibility that a disappointment in love might produce insanity, the honorable gentleman said he had seen in his own life which produced a deep impression.

The Hon. Geo. M. Dallas, began by saying that, connected as he was by the relationship of kinship, to constitute murder in the first degree, must be "wilful, deliberate, and premeditated." This was not such a case. The prisoner's judicial examination had not yet taken place, and the testimony, as it stood, was not sufficient to bring the law back to the plain meaning of the act. The law of murder—the prisoner's object was plunder, not love. The prisoner's object was not plunder, for no one was in broad daylight, and in such a public place, without a moment's hesitation. The law of murder—the

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

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$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.50 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters containing remittances. The Postmaster at Washington will please endorse their letters with their names.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names and residence.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless they are post paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the quarter. Any person wishing to stop a paper at the expiration of the quarter, will please give notice of the same, or it will be considered a new engagement for six months.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, as delays which it is difficult to foresee frequently occur. They should always give name and post office of the person remitting, and the name of the State in which the paper is ordered to be sent.

Postmasters, generally, are requested to act as agents for our paper, and will be entitled to the usual commission.

New Books.—We have upon our table, too late for notice this week: The Deserted Bride and other Poems, by Mackay, a new and magnificent edition, and the first of a new five numbers of Lives of Illustrious Men, (Appleton;) Public History of Education during the 19th century of the Harpers' Family Library, and the first number of Abbott's History of France (Harpers;) also from Perkins and Purves; and Thomas, a beautifully illustrated poem upon landmarks connected with the Exploring Expedition, from Gaskey & McMichael.

The Wheelman Perlinist.—*Compiled by M. L. Gaskey, of the New England Conference, Philadelphia; J. Harwood, Agent.*—This is a collection of hymns and tunes, designed for camp meetings, class and prayer meetings, and other occasions of social worship. It is well printed, and contains the hymns and tunes most admired and most effective for their simplicity and beauty, or for the fervent devotion which they breathe.

New Magazine.—A new magazine is projected, to be edited by committees of the Philosophical and Franklin Institutes of the University of Pennsylvania. It will appear in January next, under the title of the "University Magazine." The objects of the publication are highly laudable, and we trust that they will give us an agreeable and high toned literary periodical.

The Household Book of Black Beauty.—*With a Treatise on the Management and Medical Treatment of Children. Printed at Young's office.*—This is a collection of popular songs, which appears to have been got up for the purpose of raising funds, and will serve to make the book a safe and pleasant fire-side companion. It is well printed, and altogether quite unpretension.

The Private Magazine: *Burdsley, Agent.*—We have received from Mr. Burdsley, agent for the Penny Magazine in this country, the September number. It is well filled with interesting articles and spirited wood engravings.

The Literary Age.—G. W. Ridgway, Esq., editor, has just commenced the publication of a weekly periodical in the city, to be edited by Dr. Rayner Coates. It will, without question, be duly weekly conducted.

The Good Boy's Own Book.—*Philadelphia: J. Harmsted.*—Some of the events and characters of the Old Testament, simplified in narration and described, for juvenile readers.

☞ No. 6 of Arthur's New Temperance Tales is published. It is entitled the Sisters.

Literary Intelligence.

Curious Antiquities.—Mr. Henry R. Schoolcraft has read before the Royal Geographical Society of London, a memoir describing a very curious inscription on a small tabular stone, found in one of the large tumuli in the Ohio valley. It consists of a series of characters, arranged in concentric parallel lines. Several of these correspond with the Runic, others bear a resemblance to the old Etruscan or Pelasgic, and the Mexican hieroglyphic has been put in the hands of a person learned in the ancient Druidical characters of Britain; and another forwarded to the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians at Copenhagen, in the hope of its being read, and of their throwing light on the Asia-Columbian history of America. Many other similar relics of the kind remain, which is situated at Grave Creek, in Western Virginia; particularly a number of small semicircular stones, with characters and figures cut upon them, and several copper ornaments, together with the common remains of three skeletons, in a state of well compiled decay.

Lossing Anecdote.—At the store of G. S. Appleton, Chesnut, above Sixth, specimens of all the English annuals for 1843 may be examined. The engravings are of the highest order, and the literature varied for every taste. Seekers of presents for the holidays will do well to look upon them. We observe that Lossing's Field Book of the war of 1812 is one of these works. The engravings are, many of them in the highest style of art; and the general appearance of the book is elegant. The matter is also miscellaneous, bound in gilt book style, will also command attention. Some specimens of American art in this department bear comparison with any in the world.

The Baltimore Sun.—This paper has reached its twelfth volume; and upon the announcement of the fact the other day, we were reminded of our duty to reciprocate some of its compliments. That we can do, however, with very good grace, having the truth on our side, before any one can accuse us of a lack of interesting papers in the country. It is conducted in a uniformly gentlemanly spirit, with care and ability, and as true a press may enjoy under a twelve years existence in continued prosperity.

Meteorological Journal.—Mr. Espy announces that he has completed a "form for keeping meteorological journals, which will be sent to all those in the United States, Bermuda, West Indies, Azores, and the Canada, who signify a willingness to co-operate with him in the great work of the day, and the explanation of storms which occur within the range of the wide-spread simultaneous observations about to be established."

☞ The English journals do not announce many new works of a light cast for Christmas. A new romance, the last of the Barons, by Sir E. L. Bulwer, a new work on Germany, by Mr. Howitt; one new novels by Captain Glascock, the first entitled Trafalgar; Mr. Cooper's Wing and Wing, The Pathfinder and Pilot; Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Hemans, and The Queens of France by Mrs. Bush.

☞ Mr. Dickens' emoluments for the sale of his Notes on America, amount to the sum of nearly $25,000. His profits from the sale of his works during the last few years, it is said, amount to $35, 000 annually. Not bad for a single author of the time's works have also been translated into Turkish.

Notices of the Dead.

A Patriarch.—The Hon'ble Pete Pree announces the death, at his residence, in Baltimore County, Nov. 20th, of Mr. Thomas Gibbons, in the 104th year of his age. He was the oldest resident and one of the first settlers of Ellicott Mills—and has resided here for the last 75 years. He had 21 children, of whom 13 are now living—also his descendants comprise 87 grand children, and 69 great grand children. The town of Ellicott's had but one building house at the time of his removal to it and he has seen the population increased to 4000; and we may add, contributed no trifle to that increase.

Ebenezer Watson, Esq., died on Monday, the 7th, at his residence in Port Kent, Essex Co. N. Y., aged 66. Mr. Watson was a native of Massachusetts, and is widely known as a warm friend of Agricultural Associations, which have been of such signal benefit to the cause of industry. At a very early day after the Revolution, he travelled through the western part of New York, then a wilderness, and always retained a lively interest in that section. He took an active part in the establishment of the Canal Fair held with the Atlantic by the great Canal.

A Veteran Gone.—The Pittsburg Chronicle announces the death, in that city, of Mr. M'Clelleugh, in the 91st year of his age. The deceased was a soldier, indeed—a veteran, an unflinching supporter of his country's flag—a soldier of the Revolution in the country, its contents are original. It will undoubtedly form a valuable addition to the music now in use in our choirs.

The Law Reporter for December: *Burgess & Sisher, No. 2 Ledger Building.*—Burgess & Sisher, the agents in this city, have the Boston Law Reporter for sale over the counter, and we trust that the lawyers will continue to enter their names as regular subscribers. The leading article is "the case of the William Brown," which we presume will be concluded upon the return at the time of the trial in the United States Circuit Court for the eastern district of Pennsylvania.

Parley's Magazine, for 1843. (Cohen 242) *Chestnut above Sixth.*—We have received a prospectus from Mr. Cohen this capital juvenile Magazine, twenty part, bound in boards, with a new vignette and frontispiece title page, and a reading lesson. We cannot do better than recommend every parent who reads the Post, to step into Cohen's, or send and get Parley for his children. It will make a fine present for the holidays.

Bentley's Encyclopedia.—This work is published by the Harpers, in numbers—the first of which will prove, we think, one of the most popular, as it is one of the most excellent of serials. It is a book of high intelligence, and is printed in a style of eminent worthy of its character. Perkins & Purves, as well as Burgess & Zieber, have it for sale.

Lossing's Musical Library.—*Philadelphia: Gaskey & McMichael.*—The beginning of January contains twelve pieces of music, original and select, appropriately ending the number and the year, with a Christmas Waltz. The work is deservedly a great favorite with the ladies.

Death of C. Lucas, Esq.—Died suddenly in Guayaquil, Republic of Ecuador, on the 11th of October last, Charles Lucas, Esq., of Philadelphia, aged 39, (during the absence of both Consuls, on public service,) United States Consul for that port. He left an estimable wife and three affectionate children to lament his loss. It may be added in addition to his decease in Philadelphia to have the sum buried in the Pantheon, with all suitable solemnities.

"Petticoat Joe," who was burnt to death recently at a fire in New Orleans, was found by the charred remains of his dog—McDonogh's flag ship in the battle of Lake Champlain, and it was Joe who tailed the flag to the mast, after it had been struck by the cloaking away of the halyard. The military situated the funeral out of compliment to his bravery.

DOINGS OF CONGRESS.

On Monday, in the Senate, the Standing Committees were announced. We subjoin the names of the chairmen:

Foreign Relations, Archer; Finance, Evans; Commerce, Huntington; Manufactures, Simmons; Agriculture, Linn; Military Affairs, Crittenden; Militia, Barrow; Naval Affairs, Bayard; Public Lands, Smith, of Indiana; Private Land Claims, Henderson; Indian Affairs, Miller; Claims, Graham; Revolutionary Claims, Phelps; Judiciary, Berrien; Post Office and Post Roads, Merrick; Roads and Canals, Porter; Pensions, Bates; District of Columbia, Mangum; Patents and Patent Office, Kerr; Retrenchment, Morehead; Public Buildings, Clayton; Contingent Expenses, Preston; Library, Clayton; Engrossed Bills, Conrad; Library of Congress, Woodbridge; Enrolled Bills, Sprague.

In the House the chairmen of the several committees are as follows:

On Elections, National; Ways and Means, Fillmore; Claims, Giddings; Commerce, Kennedy; Public Lands, Mercer; Post Office and Post Roads, Patton; District of Columbia, Underwood; Judiciary, Barnard; Revolutionary Claims, Hall; Public Expenditures, Linn; Private Land Claims, Wise; Manufactures, Saltonstall; Indian Affairs, Cooper; Military Affairs, Mallory; Militia, Kunz; Naval Affairs, H. A. Wise; Foreign Affairs, J. Q. Adams; Public Buildings, Pope; Revolutionary Pensions, Baldwin; Invalid Pensions, Calmer; Mexico; Roads and Canals, Williamson; Patents, McLellan; Public Buildings, Borden; Select Committee on a National Foundry, W. C. Johnson.

Mr. Tyler was elected Chaplain of the Senate for the session.

Mr. Adams's resolution to rescind the 21st rule, adopted on Thursday, was on Monday put at rest by being laid on the table, ayes 106, nays 102.

The President's Message was referred, on motion of Mr. Fillmore, to the usual committee, and a resolution relating to the Exchequer was given to the Committee of Ways and Means—that portion concerning the Washington Monument, to the Committee on Commerce—that part relating to Gen. Jackson's fine, to the Committee on Judiciary. Pending the discussion of Mr. Fillmore's motion to refer, a motion was made—one to refer the Message at once to the Committee of the Whole—another to send the Exchequer to the Committee of the Whole, and to take up the Tariff from the usual committee and give it to the Ways and Means. All these changes, however, were negatived, and the Message was referred according to Mr. Fillmore's original motion.

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, introduced into the Senate a Bill to repeal the Bankrupt Act; which at his request was read a first and second time and ordered to be printed.

It commences with a preamble declaring that the bankrupt act of 1841 is unconstitutional and immoral, inasmuch as it violates the rights of the States and individuals, and is invalid and void, and ought not to be permitted to remain on the statute book, and declares it repealed, except for the trial of cases now pending under it. It provides, however, that these cases shall be prosecuted under the restrictions of the law of 1800, which prohibits the entrance of new suits of the creditors; a judicial certificate of integrity; respect for liens on property created by State laws, and for the insolvent laws of the State; that involuntary bankrupts shall not be permitted to go into voluntary bankruptcy; that agreements on the part of bankrupts to assign a portion of their salaries shall be void in law; and that the operations of the act shall be prospective only.

Mr. Tallmadge presented a petition, which few days, inquiring into the expediency of continuing the Secretary of State to receive from the courts the number of backstages who have availed themselves of the act. Mr. W. Cost Johnson submitted on Thursday, in the House to obtain a repeal of the one hour rule. Laid on the table, 116 to 70.

Mr. Thomas Green, of Delaware, offered a resolution to rescind the "Expunging Resolution." It was ordered printed. On Monday Mr. Benton moved to reconsider that where Mr. Bayard's resolution, he should move, as an amendment, a resolution defending the Expunging Resolution, and declaring that the act of the country has been fully vindicated by removing the deposits from the United States Bank, in 1833.

In the Senate, on Tuesday, the President's Message was referred to the appropriate Committees. A memorial was presented by Mr. Wright, of New York, of the Legislature of the Washington Monument, by Mr. Tallmadge, to amend the several acts establishing a Treasury Department. The latter was read and ordered to be printed.

In the House there came very near being what is denominated "a fracas." Mr. Botts claimed the floor to move to commit and declare his seat vacated, but Mr. Pennleton, Mr. Wise opposed, but the Speaker permitted the passage to be read.

Mr. Botts proceeded in his remarks denouncing the charge as "a base and unfounded calumny." Mr. Wise again objected to considering the subject in this way, and the Speaker decided that Mr. B. must reduce his proposition to writing. Mr. Botts then offered a resolution to appoint a select committee of nine to investigate the charges of private intrigue and not a privileged question, their being a great difference between the two.

Mr. Granger desired to be heard, but on Mr. Wise's objection sat down, and the house having refused to lay the matter on the table, ayes 80, nays 99, also refused to suspend the rules, ayes 106, nays 116.

Mr. Everett offered a bill to repeal the Bankrupt Act. The rules were suspended, the bill was read a first and second time, and made the order of the day for Thursday.

Wit Fest.—It should be remembered that Cobb, Congo, Cunnington, Anthon, Hollingsworth, Longo, Flouting, and many other fatal disorders, are often the result of catching cold, in consequence of wet feet, damp clothes, damp beds, &c.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are undoubtedly the best medicine in the world for curing all colds, because they purge from the body those morbid humors which, when lodged in the various parts of the body, give rise to every malady incident to man. A single 25 cent box of said Vegetable Pills, will not only always afford relief, but will in a majority of cases entirely prevent the most protracted cold; at the same time the digestion will be improved, and the blood so completely purified, that altered constitutions, requiring good health, will be sustained by increased.

Beware of Counterfeits. The public will be on their guard against travelling impostors; and remember that Pills sold by no one V. O. Fahs, and Dr. Parker, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

All who will genuine medicine are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice President of the North American College of Health, consequently, those who purchase Fahs or Parker's spurious and worthless medicine, will be made to understand that they have been imposed upon.

Other medicines are exhibited in the same building, but Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and beware of the counterfeits.

Fire in Baltimore.—On Monday morning last, a fire in Baltimore destroyed the tobacco shop and dwelling of Mr. Thomas Hall, No. 4 Light street, and Stable Alley; and the buildings on Gay street, owned by Thomas Irving and Mrs. Agnes Boyle, and occupied as boarding and warehouses, by Messrs. Gillet & Co., H. Boyle, C. L. Ouderdonk and G. M. Robertson. The damage was about $30,000.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED THIS DAY C. STATE SATURDAY POST, BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS.

Philadelphia, December 17th, 1842.

MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10
Exchange bank,	—
City bk. Portland,	—
Hallowell,	—
Mercantile bank,	—
Merchants bank,	—
Bangor Com. bank,	—
Union bank,	—
Other bks.	5
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks,	par
VERMONT.	
Bank of Vergennes,	par
Bk. of Rom-ington,	10 dis
All solvent banks,	par
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks,	par
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	par
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	4 dis
Bank of Utica,	par
North River Bank's Co.	do
Bank of Orange Co.	do
Other bank,	do
Merchants bank failed,	
Millers bk of Cayuga	25
Bk. Com. Geneva,	25
Com bk. New York	25
Other bks.	5
N. Y. Bkg. Co.,	—
Bk. of Troy,	—
Bk. Com. Co.,	—
Other bks.	5
NEW JERSEY.	
Com bk. Belleville,	25
Other bks.	5
PENNSYLVANIA.	
All solvent banks,	par
Country banks,	1 dis
Bank of Gettysburg,	1 dis
Bk. of Northumberland,	1 dis
Bk. of Pittsburg,	par
Farmers' & Mech. bank,	par
Bank of Susquehanna Co.	par
Mount Holly,	par
Bank of Germantown Co.	par
New Hope Bridge,	par
Bk. of Chester Co.	par
New Lisbon bank,	par
Other banks,	1 dis
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Brandywine,	par
Bank of Wilmington & Brandywine,	par
Bank of Delaware,	par
Other banks,	1 dis
MARYLAND.	
Bank of Baltimore,	par
Bank of Commerce,	par
Farmers & Mech. bank,	par
Other banks,	1 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	par
Georgetown,	par
Far. & Mechanics,	par
Bank of Alexandria,	par
Bank of Alexandria, broke	
Franklin bank,	no sale
Other banks,	1 dis
VIRGINIA.	
All of Va & Western bks	1 dis
Bank of Virginia,	par
Valley bk. at Lexing.	1 dis
Bk. of Virginia,	par
State bank at Camden,	par
Other banks,	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	par
Other banks,	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Banks of Charleston,	par
Other banks,	2 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of Augusta,	par
Other banks,	2 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Bank of Kentucky,	par
Other banks,	2 dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati,	4 dis
Other banks,	5
INDIANA.	
Bank of Indiana,	20 dis
State bank,	10
KENTUCKY	
Notes,	2 dis
LOUISIANA	
All solvent banks,	4 dis
FLORIDA.	
All solvent banks,	4 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of Michigan,	4 dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	
	1 dis a 1 prm.
Quebec,	1 dis
Kingston,	1 dis
Bank of Upper Canada,	1 dis
Bank of British North America,	1 dis
Commercial Bank of Canada,	1 dis
Bank of Montreal,	1 dis
Bank of Niagara,	1 dis
Bank of Gore,	1 dis
Bank of Canada,	1 dis
Bank of Kingston,	1 dis
Bank of Midland Dist.	1 dis
Exchange on New York,	1 dis a par.
Boston,	par
Baltimore,	1 dis
Bank Relief Notes,	1 dis
City Relief Notes,	1 dis

HEALTH OFFICE, DECEMBER 10, 1842.

Interments

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, West Philadelphia, Penn Township, Moyamensing, &c.

From the 3d to 10th of December.

DISEASES.	Deaths	DISEASES.	Deaths
Abscess,	1	Hooping cough,	2
Apoplexy,	1	Hemorrhage,	1
Inflammation of Breast,	1	Inflammation of the Brain,	1
Cancer,	1	Inflammation of the Bowels,	1
Cases of Spine,	1	Inflammation of the Lungs,	1
Child bed,	1	Inflammation of the Throat,	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	18	Inflammation of the Womb,	1
Convulsions,	3	Intemperance,	1
Croup,	1	Liver,	1
Dropsy,	1	Old age,	1
Dropsy of Heart,	1	Palsy,	1
Drowned,	1	Pleurisy,	1
Fever,	1	Rheumatism,	1
Fistula,	1	Rupture,	1
Gout,	1	Scarlet Fever,	1
Hives,	1	Suicide,	1
Hooping Cough,	1	Teething,	1
Tetanus,	1	Typhoid,	1
Unknown,	3	Typhus Fever,	1
Worms,	1	Whooping Cough,	1
Carried over,	59	Total,	89

Of the above there were 5 from the disease of Typhus in the country, and 5 people of color, which are included in the above.

By order of the Board of Health,

BENJAMIN H. SHOEMAKER, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	7 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	7 o'clock.
Dec. 4.	39	54	44
5.	42	45	44
6.	44	53	47
7.	39	50	37
8.	33	37	37
9.	36	46	41
10.	39	50	41

A SPLENDID CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—The most splendid and elegant work of the season—the finest engravings, and the most exciting literature in the world. Sartain's Union Magazine, for January, 1843, contains not less than 144 pages, price $3 a-year.

Gems from the Poets.

THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I never was a favourite,
My mother never smiled
On me, with that sweet blessing
That showed her fairer child.
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,
While fondness on her leaned;
I've noticed it, and, in baby speech,
There was no line for me!

And yet I strove to please with all
My little store of means;
I strove to imitate—mind infancy
Can rarely give offence;
But when no actions efforts meet
A cold, ungentle cheek,
I did not dare to show a regard
In more open fashion!

How blessed are the beautiful!
For every charm a sure claim bring,
Oh, how I do envy
Such favoured beings their worth!
For even there I often felt
Favouritism, and forlorn!
And wished—for misery wished it too—
I never had been born!

For were I not affectionate?
But 'tis my sister's form
That wins a look of love, that claimed
A smile or an embrace;
But when I moved my lip in most
The pressure children prize,
None knew the fashion of my heart,—
They spoke not in my eyes.

But, oh! that love has been for me
The anguish of neglect;
I saw my sister's every face
With gems and roses decked!
I did not covet them; but oh,
When wantonly repressed,
I sighed for the privilege
Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came—
A time of sorrow too;
For sickness or my mother's form
Her treasured mantle threw;
The feverish, quiet watch through
Near were the two of death;
And Fanny Gordon shared its fatality
Into her infectious breath.

'Twas ours, a youngster day and night
I watched beside her bed;
And fearlessly upon my breast
I pillowed her poor head.
She fixed—and fixed me for my care,—
My grief was at an end;
I was a fatency little more,
But now I have a friend.

Popular Lectures.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.]

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"Ring the bell—blow up the cannon—and let the drama begin."

LECTURE X.

THE CLOSE OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

Execution Everyday—Arrivals and Prison Scenes—Famous Escape of Two Pickles—Philosophical Home; by Baron Haussez—A Sweeping Decree—Tables Turned—Unpopularity in the Convention—Carrier Tried—Pitiless Butcher Perishes—Drinking Healths—A Dinner—Cost-pocket Discovery—Wine and Death—Character of Robespierre—Accusations—The Celebrated Proclamation of 9th Thermidor—Catastrophe—Death of Robespierre and his Associates—Close of the Reign of Terror.

Every eye was now turned upon Robespierre—every heart was affected with the danger, the panic, the doubt and the horror of the times. Every mind in Paris was filled with fears of the dread monosyllable—Robespierre. Couthon and St. Just—and little more detailed instrument, Fouquier Tinville. One may judge of their pallor by a sentiment of Barere, up to this period, their supporter. "None but sly dead, return not," said he in confidence. Another remarked that if money were wanted for the Government—the Guillotine will cut its money"—alluding to the property of some of the proscribed; another again—"in extreme cases, the poor must be emitted upon the tithe." Every hour of fresh terror every true republican, viewed with commingled alarm, the tyranny that was established. The scenes in the prisons continually to be heard of—crowds assembling every evening with agony and despair depicted on their faces, to learn the names on the list for the *fournee*, that is, for the guillotine on the morrow. An officer, General Lamerdiere, heard the name of his son called, and replied "I am Lamerdiere." His son was sitting at the mourning. The father died to save his child; and young Lamerdiere happily survived the Reign of Terror. Thomas Paine had been the victim of the Luxemburg for six months, although it might be imagined that his writings would free yourself in the hands of the bandit of crime, especially of such as were favourable to the rights of liberty in matters of religion. But no! Mr. Deputy Paine was prosecuted, had been tried, and was at length, on the very last day of Robespierre's power, enrolled on Fouquier Tinville's list of death. I have been informed that there was a double door to Paine's cell, the outer part of which had been spent and was turned back against the wall, when the turnkey took his round to mark the doors of such cells with chalk, when the inmates were ordered for the next death to be sent to death. If therefore marked the inside of that part of the door. Another turnkey passed soon after, and seeing the door open, shut it, without observing the chalk-mark. When the victims were collected, Paine was overlooked, and thus experienced the narrowest escape recorded in the annals of the guillotine. Thomas Paine soon after came to the United States, and died in Philadelphia in the year 1809. While these events were happening, Jean Baptiste, singularly enough, had a lady, formerly of the old noblesse, employed as his housekeeper. She so handed him with the accustomed extension of a God and combined and supervised subsistals of a name and another since. He dressed in the modern manner, and I have been assured that dress was similar to him, or one of the attributes that acquired for him the favour of a singular property. A very fine coat and nankeen—a delicate white stocking, a round hair, and highly arranged wig, and linen, formed his costume on the occasion of his last appearance in the Convention.

The alarm, horror, doubt and excitement in Paris was now wound up to the highest pitch. Hourly were the scenes daily passed to the guillotine—the hourly love lost was subsiding, ghost ascended to the city—and Robespierre observed these symptoms of death warrant, and he himself signed beneath them by a noted conspirators and hatred of himself. The people were disgusted as well as horrified at the absence of Robespierre from the Convention his tone, and in hypocritically pretentious speeches at the Convention, abounded a reform in manners—and a reform of dress, and a reform of the Jacobin tone, which were frightfully prevalent. This he was better qualified to do than any of his confederates, for his mildness and consistency in many points of private and corporate—as such an extract, indeed, that he had the title of "Incorruptible." When he surveyed friends, as in case of Danton, he found them either victims or self-denied! Every speech he made, and every law founded on his views of reform (reform and judicial murder!) gave him the applause of all the other Jacobins, who led lives of profligacy and shame. Indeed, it is believed that he meant to destroy all the violent leaders, and then head a "party of purity" which should support him in a dictatorship. And some confidently assert that he would have established law and order! Such is the mockery it possible—an inconsistency in human nature—consistent only in its inconsistency. But it must be allowed that this assumption was grounded on the ideas, volume, Jupiter Robespierre, savored much of "to reward and punish our people."

At length he obtained a decree, proposed by Couthon (he of the mild name) in one of his subtle speeches—handing over to the Revolutionary Tribunal all the remnants of faction—all the dead and the people, all who discouraged good citizens, all who favoured the undertakings of tyrants, all who opposed false terror, all who had acted or written with perfidy or obscurities, delusional manners, corrupted the public conscience, or diminished the purity of revolution by counter-revolutionary ideas, or by deceits, or by vague, or sweeping, embraced within its giant arms of death all—all whom the tyrant chose. It was not passed without violent opposition. Tallien, in a manner, declaring,—If this decree passes, the friends of liberty had better turn our their noses."

But past it did! Tallien was now in direct enmity between the Convention and Robespierre. Even Barere—Barere! not most of the violent Mountain leaders turned against him. Tory feared for their heads.

The first sentence of the thunder peal was heard in the Committee of Public Safety, where Robespierre denounced Fouche as a Dantonist, demanding his head; and found himself in a minority. From that moment he was dead—his opinions attending Committee or Convention, meeting publicity, and having no obstruction. Couthon, and St. Just, brought his advice in their bodies. "Lose," said St. Just "that is the secret of revolutions." The Jacobin Club, however, espoused him. There he assembled—there he was the idol. There he complained, denounced Fouche, and was received with enthusiasm. "A thousand poignards are aimed at Robespierre," said Couthon in a speech at the Jacobins, "I invoke them to my own breast." "He do we all," was the universal response.

There resided in Paris at this time, a female religionist, named Catherine Theot, who had been educated in England, or pretadventress of the Mormon class in America, named Catherine Theot, who, with her high priest, Gerle, had collected and organized with enthusiasm a new religion. Her votaries held secret nightly meetings. She affected to consider Robespierre a messiah—and styled him one of the elect—that is, a candidate elect for heaven. He encouraged her mysticisms; but whether only as a tool, or that he was really superstitious, is unknown. The sect spread rapidly, and *Vadier*, in the Convention, denounced Catharine Theot and her doctrines in a bitterly sarcastic report, which was immediately printed at the Directory through the mists of Theotism. This was the first blow aimed at him in the Convention; where Tallien, Barras, Billaud, Collot and others, now augmented the secret ranks of his foes.

At this time, too, he received a letter from a friend, recommending him to retire to a place of safety on a pretence—and saying—"Your having attained the President's chair, is but one step to the guillotine." He could not long remain concealed. The sect spread rapidly, and *Vadier*, in the Convention, denounced Catharine Theot and her doctrines in a bitterly sarcastic report, which was immediately printed at the Directory through the mists of Theotism. This was the first blow aimed at him in the Convention; where Tallien, Barras, Billaud, Collot and others, now augmented the secret ranks of his foes.

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A decree of arrest was passed against the "Incorruptible," Couthon, St. Just and Lebas. "I demand to share my brother's fate, as I have tried to share his virtues" said Augustin Robespierre, and he was accordingly included in the decree. For some time, as great was the terror inspired by Robespierre's name, that the officers of justice were afraid to take him; but at length they were placed in a Committee-Room, together with Henriot, who came from the Committee of Commune and Lebas, and the whole adversaries conveyed under strong escort to the Luxembourg and other prisons. The Convention then adjourned for refreshment, at five o'clock in the afternoon.

The members of the Convention now ran the gauntlet of the Jacobins, who had assembled nightly in consternation, to which they were immediately placed him at the head of the National Guard. Troops, Artillery and Sections, of which, indeed, he was commander-in-chief. The Commune (municipality) sent orders to the gaolers to receive no prisoners without their authority—and when Robespierre and his friends arrived, they were at once present at the Luxembourg, they were not admitted; but reconducted back to the Committee Room. Henriot could not long remain under the influence of *Barras* opposite the Tuileries, and prevailed upon them to offer no resistance—Robespierre and the other prisoners were then liberated, and received in triumph and freedom to the Hotel de Ville, where they were received with unbounded enthusiasm by the Jacobins and the Commune and Henriot at their head. By this time the whole of Paris was in consternation.

At 7 o'clock the Convention again assembled, and every moment expected an attack from the Robespierrians. Collot d'Herbois corrupted the chair. He solemnly said,—"Citizens, the hour has arrived to watch on slow that his shadow falls alone, and stays to die on the scaffold!"

Never punish a girl for being a romp, but punish heaven, who has given her health and spirits to be a romp. There is a romp than to have a distorted spine or frantic cheek.

A young lady being one day at confession, told the priest that she was in the habit of telling lies. "Indeed," she replied, "I hope that is not a sin, sir."

Love is the most earnest among mankind in flattery, the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

Think!—speak all you think.' This is the law of Nature's true religion, but did the hindrances will of every sensitive being.

Justice is a duty—generosity a virtue. Yet the world is too apt to regard the first as a favor, and the latter as a folly.

That's part of the *sinking* fund," as a chap said when a box of Mexican dollars went to the bottom of the river.

If you wish to make enemies, retail all the faults of your best friends, and you cannot fail of attaining your object.

She who receives a good turn should never forget it; she who does one should never remember it.

Book-keepers who make false entries are the true and practical professors of *legor*-demain.

The best counsel sounds to the flowers of life in the fruit to be wisdom, and to the fruit.

A Yankee has invented a machine for taking the noise out of thunder!

"I'm flat broke!" as the fishnet said when sinking on a rock.

Love thy neighbor, yet pull not down thy hedge.

Choice Selections.

FROM THE LADIES' COMPANION.

ELLEN ARDELLE.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

There were many and worth at the lighted saloon
The measure was merry, all hearts were in tune—
Bright joy crowned the dance, like the sun on the tide
Which dances and sparkles in glory and pride.
But the star of the ball-room was Ellen Ardelle!

Her form was the perfect of a fairy or sylph,
Her looks were the soft amber glow of the dawn,
Her voice was the sweetest of music's soft tone,
And yet none—like the star-light—her e'er seem so pure—
Her name was the loveliest that ever was known—
Oh! name of loveliness! Ellen Ardelle!

There are brighter in beauty, as graceful, and fair;
There are those who in teaching, so winning on art
That they steal from the heart ere the owner is aware;
What soul can resist (once had communion—or) all
The charm of her converse, the spell of her eye?
That lurks round the lashes of Ellen Ardelle!

No proud she needs, her young beauty to light;
Her heart—all it feels—and her face—all it feels—
Her thoughts—all feelings—are open to sight;
Who knows her, must love her—and who loves her, must love—
What fond heart shall cease her—young Ellen Ardelle!

GOOD MANNERS.

BY THE REV. W. JONES.

"Propriety of behaviour in company is necessary to every gentleman; the method and good manners is neither acceptable in his friends, nor agreeable in conversation to strangers.

"The three essentials of all manners are—pride, affection, and want of sense; so that every person who has any one of these qualities is sure to have the other good sense, will learn good manners with little or no trouble.

"A writer, who had great knowledge of mankind, has observed that there are two sorts of pride, one of which people ever will whom we converse; and his definition cannot be mended. The ill qualities are these: pride assumes all conversation to itself, and makes the company its audience; affection studies only to please, and talks modestly to distinction of persons in company; want of sense is universally pleasing and obliging; but let a sensible person refrain from pride and affection, and his conversation will give satisfaction.

"As to as good manners are positive, and subject to good breeding, there are many established forms, which are to be learned by experience and common conversation.

"But there is one plain rule, worth all the rest delivered together—that a person who professes the character and behaviour of a gentleman, should in every thing be governed by a certain nice and delicate measure, which doubles the value of every word and action. A forward, impudent, contemptuous way of talking, is the very quintessence of ill-breeding; and hasty expressions, indecent reflections, and coarse behaviour in their discourse, especially of elders or superiors, loud laughter, winkings, grimaces, and other indecent actions and gestures, are the strongest marks of ill-breeding.

"It is a sign of great ignorance to talk much to one's own praise, or to brag of one's self; or to interest others in the low's best affections, and while charming their ears with the recital of our own worth, to offend their eyes with the deformity of our vices.

"The gentleman's character is *Modest*, in the silent practice; is a very curious mode of communicating for I and many of course from the early impressed of barbarism. Those being the name of her former instructors, and the first object of her attention, he called with Horace in noticing the changes she sees *Horace Mother*. The last mode of dress you see, and *four very* nice money days, also needs explanation here. Her mother had sent her a lock of her father hair a few days before she called on Lucy Bridgman, to inform her parent of the tender news, with the request that she would send her a lock of her own hair and the pleasure she enjoyed from the gift, the case the mode alluded to.

THE MOZART FESTIVAL.

We find in the foreign journals an account of a musical festival, at Aix-la-Chapelle, in honor of the engravion of the statue of Mozart." It affords another instance of the high estimation in which the merit of a man living, whom, when dead, they will honor with a statue. Though the statue is of marble, Germans alone could have got up and conducted these solemnities. The love of music is a German character is their luxury and absorbing love of music—of Germans head and heart of every man, woman and child in the country—there were, I say, lasted the High Mass, a conductor eminently which the old Romans—and all the principal towns and villages of the north of France; and every other whose fellow emigrated him to the house of a royal soldier, would gladly have exchanged his opportunity for the most immovable of the most immovable fixture of Napoleon. To an instance or what I have mentioned was owing the incident which I am about to relate.

To relieve the ennui of a French village, the officers of the eighteenth had, with wonderful exactness, got up a ball and supper, commencing with a four-handed dog, which to the astonishment and wonder of the natives, was seen daily wending its course through the obvious alleys and narrow streets of the little town, the *end* covered with desiderata, whose lengthy face and loud-sounding lights were all deemed as many direct insults by the ill-conditioned party I have mentioned.

The unequivocal evidences of dislike they exhibited to this dashing "turn out" formed, I believe, one of the great attractions to the eighteenth, who traversing the sentinel mode of doing honour to departed genius, have a yet deeper interest for all those who have ever been called upon to perform the last sad rites.

At last, however, the old *mademoiselle de poilue*, whose indignation at the processing house no longer, devised an admirable expedient for annoying our fellow-countrymen which, compared as it was by the law of the country, there was no possibility of evading. This was, to demand the passport of every officer who passed the "*barriere*," thus necessitating him to get down from the roof of the coach, present his passport, and have them carefully counted and scrutinized, their visés looked into, and all sorts of questions propounded.

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